

MARCH, 1924

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The American Scandinavian Review

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TRAVEL IN THE NORTH

Visby—Romsdal—Copenhagen

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The Literary Review of The New York Evening Post

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF THE REVIEW

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN is known as a pioneer in the work of introducing Northern literature in this country both by translation and by critical articles and books. Among his most important translations are those of Strindberg's plays. During his visit to Sweden last year Mr. Björkman made studies of many phases in Swedish life, not only along the highways usually trodden by the American correspondent, but also in less readily accessible places.

BEN BLESSUM is a painter by profession and has also written extensively, largely in Norwegian papers. He was born in Romsdalén, and through his father is a descendant of the Blessum family in Gudbrandsdalen. He came to America as a boy of eleven and lived for some time in Wisconsin, afterwards in Chicago. He has the roving blood of the

Norseman and has traveled much on both sides of the water. He is at present in New York as the representative of the Norwegian State Railways for the United States and Canada.

SIGURD FISCHER has broken new ground in architectural photography. He comes of the Danish artist family by that name and is himself trained as an architect. Feeling the inadequacy of the usual commercial photograph to represent an architect's creation, he essayed to interpret the artistic quality of a building through his camera, utilizing atmospheric effects as well as the natural setting. His work was the subject of an article by Leon V. Solon which appeared in the December number of the *Architectural Record* with a number of reproductions from Mr. Fischer's pictures of Scandinavian scenes.

"FIRE FROM FIRE BEGOTTEN"

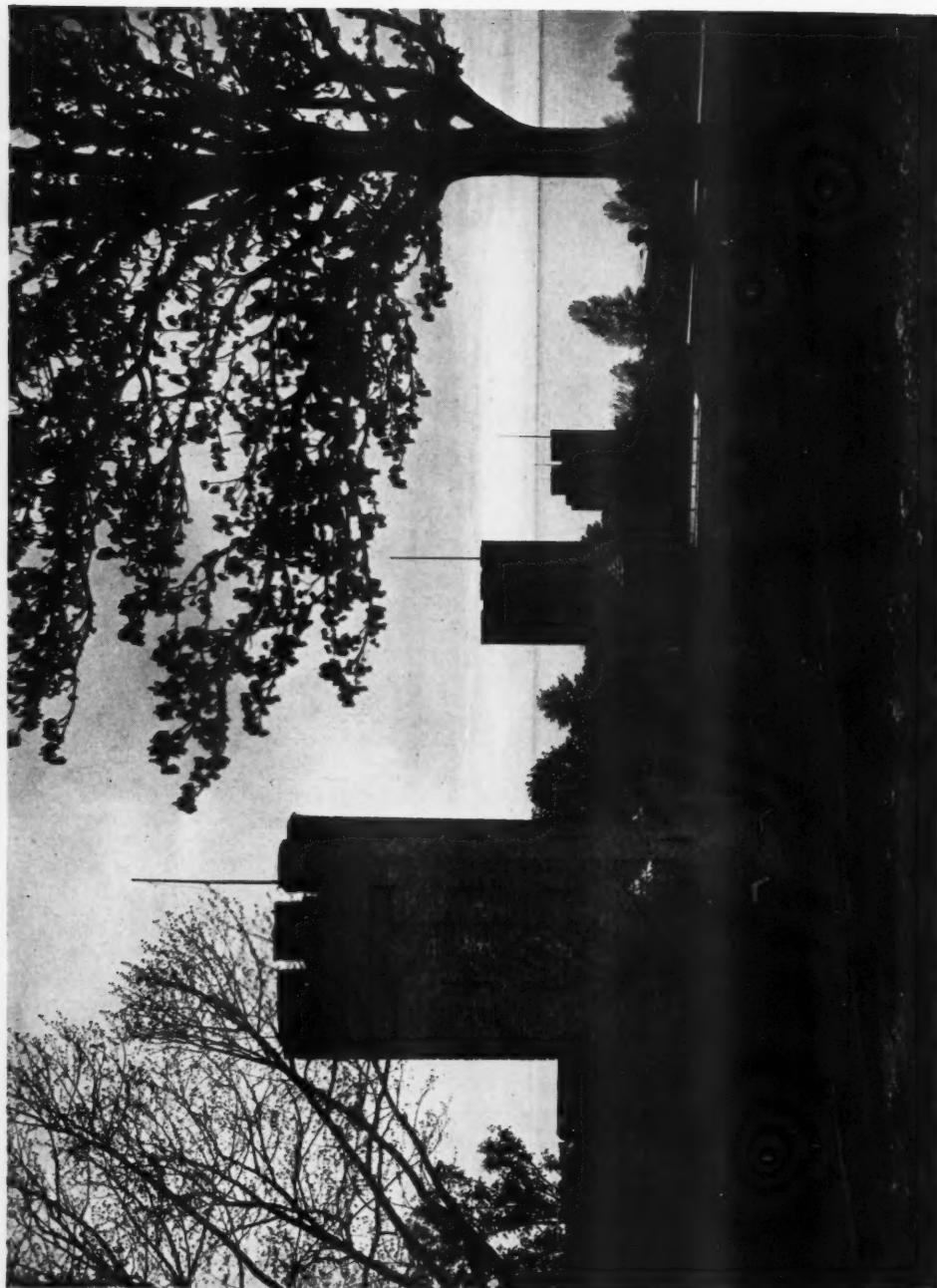
The annual report of the American-Scandinavian Foundation for 1923 is now ready and may be had upon application to the Secretary. We cull a few sentences from the opening paragraph:

"When Niels Poulsen established The American-Scandinavian Foundation twelve years ago it was his hope that after him others would add to the fund that he had created, and would devise new ways to draw closer in mutual understanding the countries of Northern Europe and the United States. Mr. Poulsen entrusted to the Foundation a fund yielding an annual income of \$20,000. Since 1919 individuals and business firms on both sides of the Atlantic have contributed to this five-year exchange of students so that from 1919 to 1924 the Foundation has given each year forty traveling fellowships of \$1,000 each. The Foundation has aided more than three hundred students during these first twelve years of its history. Societies have been organized in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden to administer the Fellowships. Especially in America, Associates have been enrolled for the work conceived by Niels Poulsen and carried on by the Foundation. The annual dues of Associates makes possible the publication of a magazine, trans-

lations of literary works, and scholarly monographs on Scandinavian subjects. The AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW has eleven years of practical achievement to its credit, and month by month it takes to American homes and libraries solid articles, colorful illustrations, and stories and poems by Scandinavian authors whose names the REVIEW has helped to make known in America. In twenty-two volumes of SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS and five volumes of SCANDINAVIAN MONOGRAPHS, some of the enduring books of the North are laid open for American readers. Through lecture exchanges and art exhibitions, a knowledge of art, science, economics, and popular customs is disseminated. Without subsidy from any government, with an endowment that produces a revenue less than one-fourth of our yearly outlay, this Foundation must look to popular support for its projects.

"The pledges in the Swedish student exchange expire with the year 1923-1924, and are to be renewed or replaced by other pledges if the exchange is to be continued. The Danish and Norwegian exchanges are to be renewed a year hence. The Fellows for 1923-1924 and the donors to the exchange are listed in an appendix to the report.

THE CITY WALL OF YENGBU WITH THREE TOWERS AND A FORTIFIED GATE. THE VIEW IS FROM THE NORTH



THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

VOLUME XII

MARCH, 1924

NUMBER 3

Visby

The City of Ruins and Roses

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

THE name of Visby has been in my dreams since I was a boy. To me it has always stood for adventure and romance, for all that the mist-enshrouded past held of glamour and glory.

Now I am there at last. . . .

I sit at the window of our room in the chief hotel. The street below is narrow and paved with crudely cut stones. If a cart were to pass, the noise would be unbearable. But there is no traffic of any kind. The silence that streams like a healing tide through the open window speaks of a rest that has lasted for ages . . . a rest so deep that my modern mind shrinks a little from it as from something too startlingly foreign to be savored at the first taste.

The city of ruins and roses . . . the city of walnut trees and ivy . . . the city of the dead. . . .

Such are the epithets which men's fancy have applied to Visby, and in all of them there is truth, though least in the last of them. For while Visby naturally turns your mind toward the long buried past, so that its ruins rather than its roses dominate your imagination, the balmy peace in which the place is steeped has little to do with the graveyard. It merely sleeps, gently and smilingly as a child, and who can tell with certainty whether it be dreaming of life already lost or of life still to come?

The ruins are crumbling little by little, in spite of everything done to preserve them, but the roses renew themselves from year to year, the walnut and mulberry trees bear fruits foreign to the country, and the ivy spreads its living green over gables that were old when Columbus had his first vision of the new world.

I am sitting at the window looking westward



THE IVY OF VISBY GROWING IN PROFUSION OVER ONE OF THE OLD CITY GATES

Across the way, behind a tall iron fence and a still taller hedge, there lies between two long and low stone buildings a rectangular garden, bordered on the other side by another hedge and a tile-capped stone wall. A single circular flower bed occupies the centre. It is surrounded by an open space gravelled with smooth pebbles from the sea shore. Out of the narrow beds framing this open space, roses and lilies rise in luxuriant confusion, and the red of the roses burns passionately against the dark green of the hedge.

A tall woman in black, with snow-white hair and smooth cheeks that faintly reflect the red of the roses, is stirring slowly between the beds, pruning and picking and weeding. Doves, white as the lilies beside her, wheel above her head, and their wings, catching the rays of the rising sun, trace flaming patterns on the sky's azure.

Beyond the red tiles of the sandstone wall on the other side of the garden rise the pointed and stepped gables of old houses. But above and beyond these, in the far background, lies the blue, blue Baltic, and where it melts imperceptibly into the more transparent blue of the sky, a steady procession of ships symbolize the restless striving of a world that has no time for dreams . . . steamers and sailing vessels and funnelless tankers, headed northward for Stockholm and the saw-mills of Norrland and the ore piles of Lappland, or southward for Germany and Denmark and the outer seas. From morning till night

they stream past in silent, silhouetted procession . . . past, always past. . .

The streets are narrow, but narrower still are the little lanes that open into them like brooklets into a creek. Curving and crooked, they rise or fall steeply between squat little houses of wood or stone or plastered brick, with small shuttered windows that seem almost on a level with the cobbled pavements. Some of them bury their upper ends among sheer walls of sandstone, indicating that a part of the city must be raised on a natural terrace. Others are straddled by old houses of loftier proportions and lose themselves beneath archways of solid masonry like rivulets dropping into subterranean channels.

These lanes, with their quaint but comparatively youthful dwellings, represent the city's humble present, but their names speak loudly of a more pretentious past: Lübeck Lane, Reval Lane, Bremen Lane, Trave Lane, Danzig Lane. These are echoes from the days when Visby, the Venice of the North, was a queen not only of the High Seas, but also of the steppes and winding river routes between the Baltic and the Black Sea. Those are names of cities which at first she fostered and rivalled, and to which later she had to surrender her sceptre. And back of them we glimpse the ghosts of other cities, some of which no longer exist even as a name on a Visby lane.

Who speaks now of proud Julinum, or Jomsborg, on the Pomeranian coast, with its exclusively male population of vikings plighted in sanguinary brotherhood? Who connects to-day the little Dutch town of Wijk bij Duurstede with the once prosperous and arrogant mart of Dorestad? Who thinks of Sigtuna, with its population of six hundred, as the former capital of Sweden and a



ONE OF THE LITTLE LANES OF VISBY

place of bustling commercial activity? Who can tell with certainty where stood Hedeby, though at one time it was the main trading centre of Denmark?

All those are cities of yester-year, gone with the snows that whitened their streets at yuletide. When life still pulsed mightily within them, Visby itself was a mere upstart, contending savagely for its existence with the shrewd and enterprising peasant population scattered all over the island of Gotland. For in those early days the whole island was a mart, where every grown man seemed engaged somehow in foreign trade on a large scale.

Those peasant traders of the early middle ages owned a common "factory" or "counter" in the storied city of Novgorod, where east and west touched hands. Some of them were duly appointed purveyors to the court of England, furnishing the third Henry, for instance, with all he needed of wax and minever and certain other wares. They roamed over land and sea as far as the known world then reached, plying vessels of their own or using such conveyances as the various countries might offer.

They brought back with them stores of precious fabrics and rare gems and costly ornaments and coins of many mintages: Greek bezants, Roman denarii and solidi, silver coins with sinuous Arabian letterings, English nobles and sterlings, French tournois and Brabantian groats, golden florins and bracteates of sundry origins and quaint designs. The island soil has yielded an astonishing crop of this kind, but to get its full significance, one must compare it with what has been found elsewhere. Out of 20,000 Arabic coins recovered in all the Scandinavian countries so far, fully one-half come from Gotland, and out of 7,000 Roman silver coins discovered within the same territory, no less than 5,000 have been dug out of the earth on that little island in the midst of the Baltic. It means that in those days of old the peasant traders of Gotland were the chief intermediaries between widely separated parts of the globe.

As their tiny vessels came and went among perils that to us might well-nigh seem prohibitive, they were closely watched by men from less prosperous places: Stralsund and Rostock and Wismar and the older Lübeck, since destroyed. These appeared to regard the far-roving Gotland peasants as their superiors and teachers, flattering them and currying favor with them, and as the Gotlanders are notoriously good-humored and easy-going until aroused, the relations thus established soon became so amiable that the foreigners were allowed to accompany their highly esteemed friends on their various journeys, following them at last to their island home.

There many of them stayed, settling not here and there among the scattered native population, but flocking by themselves in a central location, where they could take advice with each other and join

hands in common enterprises rarely made known to their former hosts and teachers. Little by little their settlement began to attract natives as well, and one fine day those too trustful peasant traders woke up to find a whole city where once there had been nothing but a place of sacrifice, a small harbor, and a few fishermen's huts. To this newly raised city, with its mixed population, went more and more of the trade that had once belonged to the whole island.

When the peasants wanted to drive away those guests who had out-stayed their welcome, the latter appealed to the Emperor Lothar, and he secured for them the right to remain unmolested in their new homes by granting to all men from Gotland extensive trading privileges throughout Germany. Thus protected, the settlers in the city flourished more than ever. As time went by, they included representatives of no less than thirty different German communities, and to make assurance doubly sure, they organized themselves into an association named *De Gemene Kopmen*—the united traders—which made treaties with Russian princes and defied not only the country population of Gotland but their own former home cities. That was the beginning, I think, of what later became the Hanseatic League, of which Visby at first was one of the heads, if not *the* head, and by which in the end it was brought to what it is to-day: a city of ruins and memories and roses.

But during the time of its unchallenged superiority, Visby flourished so greatly and became so widely renowned, that its beginnings were forgotten, and to speak of Gotland was to speak of Visby. Yet those superseded peasant traders were strong enough to force the building of the city wall, and even in the beginning of the fourteenth century they had power and organization enough left to defeat and capture a Swedish king who wanted to tax them against their own free will. To-day the principal thing known about the Gotland peasantry is that they pay higher wages and exact less labor for them than their colleagues in any other part of Sweden.

From one of those narrow lanes we emerge unexpectedly into a slightly wider street, and in front of us rise abruptly two of the ruins, the former churches of St. Lars and St. Drotten . . . huge, grey skeletons of stone, staring blindly at us through many vacant eyes. Side by side they raise their square towers, massive and impressive even in their decay. There is nothing between them but a few feet of lane. Seen sideways from a little distance, they look like one structure. Trees grow within their heavy walls; rooks and pigeons nest noisily in their towers; shrubs and weeds carpet the stone floors of one as of the other.

There is a legend to account for their presence at this spot, so closely united and yet so definitely parted in their rivalry for human souls. They were built, the legend says, by two sisters who hated each



THE RUIN OF ST. NICOLAUS WITH THE ROSETTES SUPPOSED TO HAVE HELD THE FABLED CARBUNCLES

building in such a spirit. But not far away, without any similar legend to account for them, we find the ruins of St. Hans and St. Per—or St. John and St. Peter—which are truly Siamese in their twinhood, as the wall that separates them is single and shared equally by both of them. Elsewhere we find many other remnants of churches and chapels, once filled with

other so hotly that they could not even bear to worship their common god in a common edifice. When one of them proceeded to build a temple that would be open to herself and to all the rest of the world with a single exception, the other one had to follow her example.

Were these the only ruins of the kind, one might read out of them a lesson on the futility of



RUIN OF THE HOLY GHOST CHURCH, SHOWING THE TWO STORIES OF THE OCTAGONAL TOWER



THE RESTORED INTERIOR OF DALHEM CHURCH, TO THE EXTREME RIGHT PART OF A FOURTEENTH CENTURY FRESCO

consecrated treasures and hosts of ardent worshippers, but now reduced to ghostly shadows of their former splendor. There are ten of them in all, not counting the ruin of St. Göran, or St. George, which lies *extra portas*, or the noble dome of St. Mary, which is the one structure still in use. We know of five more that existed when Visby was at

the height of its power, though to-day not a stone is left of them.

Evidently a perfect passion for church building prevailed in those days, when the island as a whole had close to one hundred of them. And not one among those of which we still find traces in Visby represents the original structure raised on that spot. No sooner was a church finished than, for some reason or another, it was torn down and rebuilt on a larger scale. Within the ruin of St. Clements, as we see it to-day, archeologists have laid bare the foundations of three earlier stone structures, each one smaller than the other. There they lie folded within each other, clearly traceable, each set of ground walls paralleling the others like so many layers of an onion. The kind of stone used in the oldest of these brings us back to the last part of the tenth century, so that we may picture the tiny edifice crowded with awed men and women on that New Year's morning of the year 1,000, when all Christianity expected the second coming of the Lord. The fourth church, of which we now behold the ruins, was practically completed within two hundred and fifty years of that event, though alterations and additions in all likelihood continued to appear for another century.

We stand behind the ruin of St. Nicolaus and look up at its beautiful western gable, ornamented by two huge rosettes. Legend says that the empty space at the centre of each rosette used to be occupied by an enormous carbuncle of such flaming beauty that at night it served as a guiding light for the sailors at sea. When Visby was conquered by King Valdemar of Denmark and the burghers had to fill three hogsheads with gems and precious metals to save their city from being burned, the carbuncles of St. Nicolaus were also carried away, but only to land at the



THE DOME OF ST. MARY: THE ONLY ONE OF VISBY'S OLD CHURCHES THAT REMAINS INTACT AND IN USE TO-DAY

bottom of the Baltic with the ship that carried them. Those stones of fire may never have existed, but the defeat of the burghers by the Danish king is an historic fact.

The battle took place on July 27, 1361, at some little distance from the city, and when the sun set on it, eighteen hundred good men of Visby lay dead on the field. How many Danes paid with their lives for that victory is not known. Victors and vanquished were buried on the spot in huge common graves, and above them was later raised a stone cross which told of their fate in words of unaffected sadness. The cross with its inscription still stands, and some years ago two of the graves were explored, yielding in all about six hundred bodies . . . skeletons in armor, showing by their wounds and their contorted postures how fiercely the burghers of Visby had fought for the integrity of their city, aiming fatal blows at their mounted enemies even after they had been struck down themselves and were being trampled underfoot by the horses.

They are making a museum of those ghastly finds . . . ruins of men instead of churches. For Visby now lives by preference in its past, and it looks back to that July day with infinite melancholy as the beginning of its downfall. Even after that fatal day the city was rich enough to extend large loans to crowned heads, but it had lost something more precious than money and costly ornaments . . . something that never could be regained . . . and from that day its prestige faded gradually until nothing but memories remained of all its vanished glories.

Through a narrow, winding stairway of stone it is possible to squeeze oneself up to what remains of the roof of St. Nicolaus, and perching precariously beside a yawning chasm, we behold the city spread at our feet.

The first thing that irresistibly catches our attention is the great wall that still encloses the city on three sides. It is, for the most part, in excellent condition, with nearly two score of bulky stone towers rising above the solid sandstone blocks that form the main part of the wall, and that, in some places, are piled to a height of thirty feet.

I have never before been in a city still defended in this old-fashioned way, and particularly not in one where the old walls remain in such a state of perfection and so free from encroachment. The sight of it fills me with a strange sense of unreality . . . or of a reality quite foreign to the one with which I am familiar. That wall is to me romance itself . . . a majestic and touching survival of an age when men wore gorgeous and picturesque clothing and had always to be armed for self-defense. As my eyes pursue the rising and falling outlines of that wall from the grass-covered roof of St. Nicolaus, the scene around me suddenly changes. . . .

I can hear the bells of all the churches in Visby ringing merrily.

Through the narrow streets at my feet, gaily clad men and women swarm toward some central meeting point, from which the pageant of the day is to start. The flag of Visby, with its Agnus Dei in silver on a field of blue, flutters bravely from every tower and turret. Bugles blare and kettle-drums snarl melodiously in the distance. The portals of the temple beneath me are flung open, and files of chanting choir boys in snowy white glide into the open place beyond. Long lines of priests and friars follow, and in the midst of these walks a tall and slightly stooping man with the thin, dreamy features of an anchorite.

That is Petrus de Dacia, prior of the Dominican monastery which has taken over and magnificently enlarged the comparatively humble old church of St. Nicolaus. The eyes of the prior are on the ground. His ears are deaf to bells and bugles and the singing of the boys. As far as he is aware, he walks in silent solitude. His mind and his heart are far away, in the ancient city of Cologne that nestles in the shadow of the slowly rising walls of its new cathedral. There lives a saintly virgin, Christina von Stumbelen by name, whom he met years ago when he was still a young man studying at the Dominican high school. On her hands and feet she wore the stigmata marking her a bride of the Lord, and into her ears the Angels and the Holy Saints used frequently to whisper messages of inspiration and revelation. And to her he has given a love second in strength and intensity only to that bestowed on his God.

From Cologne he went in due time to Paris, harking without hesitation to the commands of his superiors, and there he studied under the great doctor of divinity, Thomas Aquinas himself. But often while listening to the learned scholastic, he seemed instead to hear a fainter and frailer voice charged with an ecstasy not properly belonging to the world. After a while he returned to Sweden, where he founded the first Dominican nunnery, and at last he was sent back to his native island and the priory of St. Nicolaus. He is now nearly sixty, and the slender virgin of Cologne is not far from fifty, but still he dreams of her day and night to the exclusion of everything but his administrative and devotional duties. For years he has been at work on a biography of the saintly Christina, and in order that he may get the needed material for it, they exchange long letters from time to time. At this very minute he is trying to shape a sentence that must be added to his slowly growing manuscript as soon as the ceremonies of the day are finished and he can get back to his solitary cell.

But the proper words evade his struggling mind, and his legs lag as if unwilling to carry him, and the priests around him watch him secretly with anxious eyes . . . though little secrecy is needed in the case of one so unconscious of his surroundings. On his face hovers a grey shadow that seems to be cast by the wings of some large bird. In

a day or two that shadow will grow still deeper, and no more lines will be added to the still unfinished biography. Petrus de Dacia, scholar and spiritual lover, is near the end of the dreams that have so long spread a mystic, many-colored haze over the futile doings of the world called real. But the frail little virgin at Cologne will live on for another twenty years, looking in vain for the sweetly phrased letters that used to come out of the distant north.

Torn out of my own dreams, I turn toward the north. Out there on the open plain, half a mile or so beyond the city wall, I spy a grey and gabled ruin, to which I point inquiringly.

"Why outside the gates?"

"Because it was the church of the lepers," our guide explains. "Out there they had to live in a sort of community of their own, and there were so many of them that they also had to have a church of their own, named after their patron saint, St. Göran, or St. George."

The images called into my mind by his words make me shudder. The bright sun above seems to lose some of its comforting heat. The grey of the city wall and its tall towers, which a moment ago spoke of strength and stern endurance, fades into a leprous and decadent white. There are features of the past which one would prefer to forget. And so I let my eyes rove northeastward, where the Baltic glimmers like a ribbon of molten metal in the far distance.

Soon they rest on what to me somehow suggests an embodiment of pagan worship . . . something older and cruder than Christianity itself . . . three square columns of a peculiarly solid appearance, yellow in color and set in a triangle.

"The old gallows," our guide elucidates. "They are as old as anything you see in this city. Heavy beams used to connect their tops, and in these were huge iron hooks from which the nooses were slung. Heaven knows how many thousands have dragged themselves in misery to that little hill . . . but now the place has not been used for a long time, and the columns are left standing only because of their historic value."

"Like the ruins and the city wall," I put in. "Visby is a community with unusual veneration for the mementoes of its past."

"Yes," the guide admits a little hesitatingly . . . "nowadays. The truth of it is, however, that time and again they wanted to get rid of the ruins as useless and dangerous. We have what is left of them to-day merely because the city was too poor to tear them down. And now, of course. . . ."

"Let us leave," I interrupted, having had enough for the time of what is to be seen and learned from the roof of St. Nicolaus.

A quaint, undulating road takes us along the inside of the city wall, past a series of enormous niches that must have played some important part in the scheme of defense, past gates of imposing propor-



VIEW OF VISBY FROM THE GALLows: IN THE DISTANCE THE CITY WALL AND THE DOME OF ST. MARY

tions, past lofty towers still showing the holes that held the beams of their upper stories. After a while we discover on our right a large open space crammed with flowers.

"It is a garden where they grow roses for sale," our guide tells us.

There is a whole acre of them . . . a wide-flung riot of every shade of red and pink. Having entered, I ask the prices of an old woman in a sun-bonnet.

"Fifteen öre for the short ones, and twenty for the tall ones," she answers.

"That's about four to five cents a piece," I translate.

"How splendid!" my wife exclaims as she receives the luxurious bouquet. Then a little cry of pain escapes from her lips. "What frightful thorns!"

"In other words," I cannot help remarking, "they are like the life of old Visby . . . splendid on the surface, but full of suffering and distress and horror beneath."

"We shall grow roses without thorns," my wife rejoins.

"Roses without ruins," I suggest.

"No," she rejoins musingly. "Ruins are beautiful and romantic, and it is only the beauty and romance of the past we think of . . . when it is past!"

A Triangular Pilgrimage

By BEN BLESSUM

HERE were three of us. All real adventure involves that mystic number. Allow me to introduce the gentlemen: The Uplifter, who sold dynamite for a living; the Lord High Executioner, who wrote dramatic criticism, and my unimportant self—all amateur painters.

We had decided to travel.

Now it is a fact that among the people of the North there exists

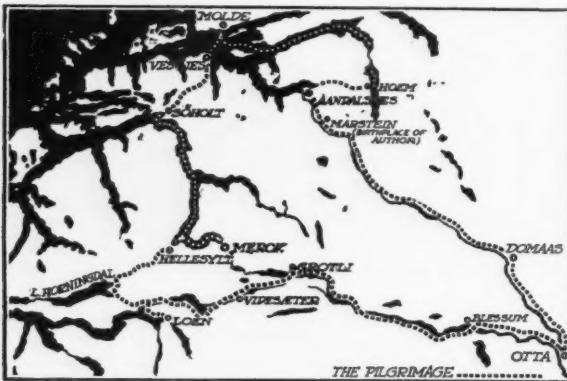
a strong sense of family ties and with it a great veneration for the ancestral acres which the forefathers cleared and on which they erected their high-seats. So when I contended that, if travel we must, we should travel to My Country, my friends, being men of understanding, readily agreed, the more so as I had come a long way. It

was further decided that we were to hike wherever possible and in general get as "close to the people" as we could.

I have gone over the same ground twice since then, and each time in regal state. Nor will I deny that travelling in a sybaritic touring car across the mountains is better than sore-footed pedestrianism, or that lounging in a steamer chair is better than hugging the smoke stack for warmth on a rainy night. Yet it was a glorious adventure, full of the romance of discovery, that first trip with a thirty-pound knapsack scraping my back.

Our route formed a triangle, an erratic triangle, certainly, but nevertheless a triangle: the first side beginning at Otta, in Gudbrandsdal; the second at Loen, in Nordfjord, and the third at Molde, in Romsdal.

We trudged manfully along the dusty road skirting the Otta River the first half day without being particularly impressed with anything except the fact that the sun was disgracefully hot and our packs fit for mules, not men. In fact, we were rather disappointed as to the landscape. But suddenly, rounding a bend, we had before us the broad and pleasant fields of the parish of Vaagaa—and our packs were as things non-existent! Instead of the narrow and monotonous



onous gorge through which we had been plodding, we stood face to face with a wide-spreading, level-floored valley, the rye in the fields gracefully bowing to the breeze with long and sweeping obeisance; the birches on the pleasant hillsides smiling to us from afar; the great expanse of the lake glittering in the sun like ten thousand living jewels; the cozy homesteads, golden-brown with the sun of a hundred summers, sending up the glad smoke of welcome; the slender spire of the venerable church, exactly like the one on the faded old photograph of the home of my childhood—all seeming to say: Thou art indeed welcome to the Valley of thy Fathers! At our feet sang the brook, and over our heads the birds, while the swish of the swinging scythe and the merry click of the whetstone joyfully marked the time. Right before us, but far off as yet, loomed the Presteberg, its great double gateway in plain sight—though, alas, it has never opened since that fateful Christmas Eve in 1662 when Johannes Blessum made the unfortunate acquaintance of the Great Jutul of Vaagaa. Beyond that again loomed the great bulk of Lomseggen, whom we later were to hob-nob with.

We dallied some days among the lovely fields and pleasant hills of this truly royal Queen of the Upper Gudbrandsdal, photographing, drawing, painting—I of course spending most of my time painting the haunts of my ancestors or listening to some crony of my father's early youth, who poured into my eager ear the tale of father's prowess in the days when the world was young!

We very soon learned that the road to Grotli contained the longest miles on record. So we hired two *stolkjærer* at Lom, and never left their red-plush upholstery until we arrived at Grotli.

At Grotli we found ourselves fairly within the great highland plateau which separates Western from Eastern Norway. From this point to Hjelle, on Lake Stryn, we walked; and oh, what a walk it was! Over us a sky such as is seen only in the highlands of Norway; around us, stretching as far as the eye can see, a vast, undulating, rough plain, ever rising however, and here and there deeply gashed by a narrow cleft, at the bottom of which foams and boils and rushes and roars a glacial torrent. Frequently great, rounded, naked remnants of the vast peaks which once rose above this silent plain, lift their ice-scoured backs against the sky; while in the distance marches a heavy-footed procession of Jotuns, their shoulders draped in gracefully spreading cloaks of ever-lasting ice, and their hoary brows shaggy with the snows of unnumbered winters. And the great *vidde* is alive, not dead, for the gorgeous vegetation of the high mountain spreads a multi-colored carpet before our feet; the tender grayish-white of the reindeer-moss, the purple of the heather, the exquisite greens and yellows and browns and reds and blues of a myriad of flowers make the desert blossom like the rose. Gentle tarns smile at us on every hand;



LAKE LOEN, FROM WHICH THERE IS AN EASY ASCENT TO THE KJENDAL GLACIER

the cottonlike weeds at their edges nod gracefully to us; the ptarmigan and her brood are gossiping among the dwarf-birches; and even the funny little lemmings make frequent remarks,—at us, I must confess, and not at all complimentary, I'm afraid.

The knapsack weighs nothing, and an alcohol bath and a change of socks abolishes blisters. "Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

So we came to Videsæter. Videsæter! I can not give you any conception of it; nobody can. You must come there yourself some night in July, a perfectly still night, when the sun has sunk behind the snow-enveloped majesties beyond the great and silent lake three thousand feet below. You must yourself look down into the shadowed deeps of the vast canyon before your feet. You must yourself, in silent worship, look out upon the illimitable world of glaciers, virgin snowfields, and serrated battlements, blue and cold against the northern night—which is no night—or flaming against the last rays of the setting sun; or, better yet, glowing in the reflected light of the brilliantly illuminated clouds which hang suspended motionless against the magnificence of the firmament. *Then* you will know Videsæter.

With the descent down the windings of the remarkable road which leads down the precipice and into the cramped valley below began the

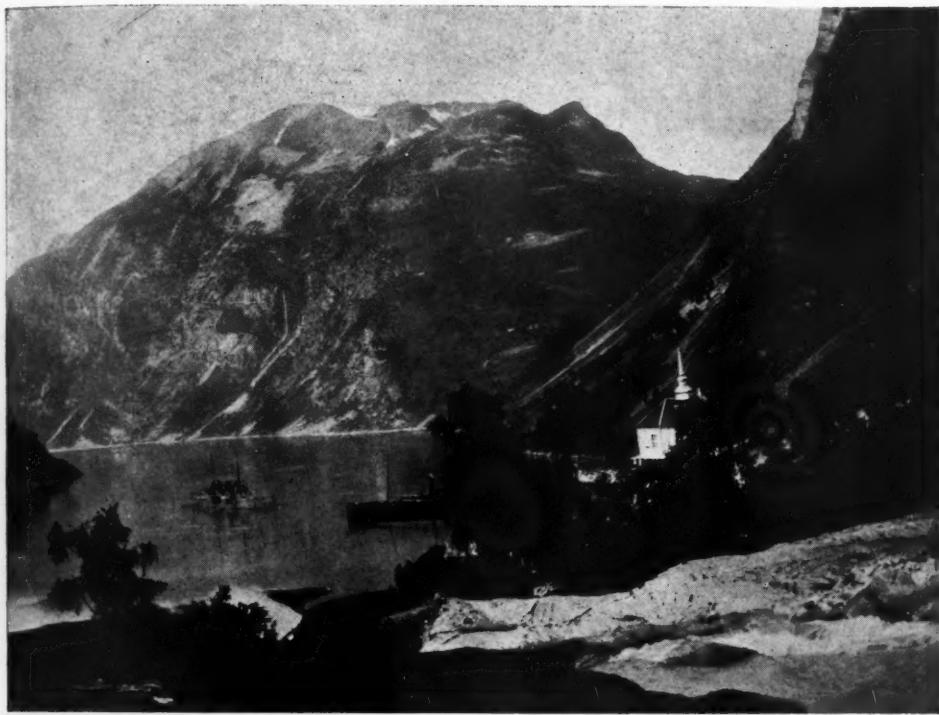


Photo by Wilse

MEROK ON THE GEIRANGERFJORD, SNUG AND SHELTERED UNDER THE MIGHTY SLOPES

festive overture to the fairyland of the fjords. After traversing the wildly beautiful gorge, we in due time arrived at Hjelle, on Stryn Lake, a body of water so lovely that did it not have as neighbors still lovelier sisters it would be one of the most celebrated on earth.

Having explored the lake, fringed by smiling farms, above which rise in every direction the great glacier-clad mountains we had seen on the way from Videsæter, we again slung the *rygg-sækker* on our backs, lit another pipe, and started for the hospitable roof-tree of Marcus Loen. May his shadow never grow less! When I got back there last year I was a little afraid that, with the disappearance of the modest old hostelry and the advent of its great, modern successor, some of the things which made it so lovable in the old days would also have gone. But the eyes of Marcus twinkled as merrily as ever, and his words were as witty-wise as before; the shell was a trifle altered, that's true, but the kernel was as sweet as of yore, and the famous modern Alexandra breathes the same spirit as did the humbler one in the good old days.

No one of course goes to Loen without visiting Lake Loen and the Kjendal Glacier. When you have made the easy ascent up to the glacier, on the way back perhaps hooking a splendid trout or two, you



Photo by Kirkhorn

THE FJORD OF FJORDS—GEIRANGER, WALLED IN BY MOUNTAINS THAT GRUDGINGLY MAKE ROOM FOR THE MIRROR AT THEIR FEET

will say to yourself, when once more seated beneath the lilacs in the garden of Marcus Aurelius: "Truly my lines have fallen in pleasant places!"

We continued our hike one morning when the sun's rays were magically diffused through an opalescent haze in which the giants of the Nordfjord grew yet more gigantic, and reached the banks of Lake Horningdal one evening when the black waters, mysteriously still, were broken, away off, only by the silvery wake of a peasant's boat, and the silence only by the faint sound of the friction of his oars between the pegs.

For a day or two we loafed at Hellesylt before starting one evening to explore the fjord of fjords, Geiranger. There I must frankly confess the futility of words. How shall I convey an impression of the sheer four-thousand-foot mountains which on either side grudgingly make room for the mirror at their feet? How describe their magnificent peaks, farther back, but oh, so near! their proud old heads covered with the snows of a thousand years, and, perhaps slightly veiled in the rose-colored mists of the setting sun! How shall I make



Photo by Kirkhorn

VEBLUNGSNES, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE BROAD RIVER RAUMA WHERE IT POURS INTO THE
ROMSDALSFJORD

you visualize the thousand diaphanous waterfalls that drape, like living veils, the rugged giantesses, or make you hear the music of the falling waters! How convey to you the queenly majesty of the Seven Sisters or the poetic idyls presented by the little cabins, undoubtedly dropped from heaven down upon the narrow shelves a couple of thousand feet up the perpendicular mountain-sides! The smoke rises, a thin and delicate token of home, "be it ever so humble," straight up into the deep-blue skies; the somewhat somber music of the eight-stringed fiddle floats out upon the silent waters; invisible cattle, coming home, are lowing away up above; infinite peace and contentment lie upon Nature and upon Man. . . .

And then—just as we round "the Pulpit"—Merok!

It lies there snug and warm and pleasant in the golden glow of the sinking sun, its boat-sheds and boats even more colorful now than in the white light of the day, its nets strung like great golden-red festoons along the narrow strand, its sloping fields lined with row upon row of hay-drying racks. Far up on the hillside the hundred windows of the hotels glitter in the sun, while the stately peaks still higher up



Photo by Wilse

THE EIKISDAL WHOSE RUGGED CONTOUR SET ITS STAMP ON BJÖRNSEN'S MIND IN BOYHOOD

seem to be going peacefully to sleep, and even the savage child of their snow-fields only murmurs, instead of roaring as he does by day, while leaping from rock-shelf to rock-shelf on his restless way to the sea . . .

Once more we are steaming along in salt water, this time bound for Söholt, an idyllic little village on the fjord. From this point we walked—you motor, of course—across a rather bleak and barren stretch of highland to Vestnes, on the Romsdals-fjord, where we took a steamer for Molde, the City of Roses, straight across the main fjord. As we pulled out from the shore, we began to realize why the Romsdal district had become so famous. Looking to the south and the east we beheld what I do not doubt is the most magnificent alpine panorama to be seen anywhere from the deck of a steamer, and as we neared Molde, the beauty and grandeur of the landscape was unfolded gradually before our entranced eyes until we finally had before us a hundred-mile procession of islands, glittering sounds, wooded hills and, in the background, sublime, snow-decked mountains ending in sharp and jagged peaks.

We quickly decided to waste no time among the gardens of Molde but rather hasten into the Garden of the Gods.



Photo by Wilse

AANDALSNES, TERMINAL OF THE TOURIST ROUTE THROUGH THE ROMSDAL, A POPULAR RESORT

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On a rainy morning—but rain could not veil the beauty in the face of Nature—we steamed into the Eirisfjord, at the end of which lies the valley of Eikisdal, somewhat out of the way and for that reason not nearly so well known as it deserves to be. The great lake in the valley is surrounded by some of the most impressive peaks in Norway, most of them very heavily snow-covered; in fact, even in late summer some patches reach almost to the water's edge. The mountains are very steep; avalanches are frequent during the winter, and every once in a while a few tons of stone play hide and seek with the few farm-houses clinging to the slopes, while several great waterfalls tumble down the rocks. It is a scene of almost oppressive grandeur. No doubt the spiritual ruggedness as well as the physical strength of Björnson was to some extent due to these surroundings; for it was here he spent his boyhood.

At Hoem we started on our all-day hike across the mountains to Sten in the Isfjord. Herr Baedeker calls this route "difficult." Which merely proves that Herr Baedeker is not much of a mountaineer. I will concede, however, that the invisible trail we followed had very little in common with Riverside Drive. But neither had the view from the top of the pass! Try to imagine it: Directly below you—that



THE TORN AND CHAOTIC TROLDTINDER, A LONG, CURIOUS PROCESSION OF SHAGGY OLD TROLLS

is, two or three thousand feet below—the pleasant village, the bounteous fields, the narrow shining fjord, then, farther out, the main fjord, with grassy headlands and abrupt, gigantic mountains skirting it, and a hundred gentle brooks seeking its glittering surface. Farthest to the right looms the great bulk of Smörbottenfjeld; just above you, to the left, rises Storhesten, the "Big Horse"; beyond him, abrupt and majestic, their mighty sides sheathed in snow, the magnificent Vengetinder; beyond them the peak of the far-famed Romsdalshorn; to the left of that again the thousand-foot higher peak of Kalskraatind; and finally, beyond these, the torn and chaotic Troldtinder! Then to the southwest, where these giants do not interfere, an unnumbered host of lesser, but not at all little, jotuns! And still I have said nothing of the smoking waterfalls, of the silent lakes, of the color of the moor and the forest and the fields and the heavens and all the splendor of the universe about you!

We descended into the valley amidst a wealth of wild flowers, and made our entrance into the village. Thence we followed the shore to Aandalsnes, which was in a bustling fever with the reception of several hundred visitors just landing from two "floating hotels."

It was on a particularly fine morning we started on the last leg of our journey. To me there was a certain solemnity connected with the moment of departure; for I knew that within a few hours I should see the ancient home of my mother's people and the little log cabin I happened to be born in. It meant something to me, who had come all the way from America to see it.

Between the broad, flat fields of the fertile valley the Rauma flowed in impressive state. Above us, as we trudged in the shade of the beautiful trees of historic Raumsdalir, rose the majestic mountains

of which I had heard since I was a very little fellow, but never had seen since I was a still littler fellow, and interested chiefly in my thumbs and toes,—the heaven-reaching peaks of these mountains in the stillness of the early morning yet partly obscured by clinging clouds. Just as we passed the bridge leading over to the little octagonal Church, in which I had once been baptized, a bugle sounded sharp and clear, but melodious withal, from the military drill-grounds across the river. It seemed to me to say, as did the spire of old Vaagaa church: "Welcome! Welcome Home"! We threw our shoulders back, struck up *Tre trallande jäntor*, and swung with song and jest and the enthusiasm of youth along the orchard-bordered highway my forefathers so determinedly trod that time in 1612 when the ill-fated enemy was in the land.

Now the precipitous bulk of the Romsdalshorn seems to block our way; the road rises perceptibly; the Rauma begins to murmur and eddy and boil: it does not enjoy the squeeze of the Horn on the one side and the taciturn Troldtinder on the other. It growls in pain. But then, all of a sudden, the road rounds the base of the Horn, the Troldtinder recede, forming a long, curious "Bridal Procession" of shaggy old trolls indeed. The valley widens once more; before us lies the broad arena of a great oval amphitheater, compared with which all the Colosseums of all the cities of Rome were as pill-boxes. Off in the distance the great white ribbon of the Vermafoss glides down the sheer mountainside; here and there a glimpse is seen of the Rauma, once more sedate and dignified; and to the left, shutting off the view of the magnificent snowfields beyond, the gigantic Monge-Jura seems to say: "Thus far, and no farther!"

I ask the first man I



Photo by Wilse

THE FAR-FAMED ROMSDALSHORN WHOSE PRECIPITOUS BULK SEEMS TO BLOCK THE WAY

meet where my uncle lives. "Over there"! We follow the pointing finger.

They seem a little surprised, my people, that I, who come from America, should come with a knapsack on my back. But then, when they learn that we have walked all over Western and a lot of Eastern Norway, they feel rather pleased that the love of the long road and the breezy hills has not been lost on the prairies of the West. We had some splendid hikes the next few days, one of them a rather eventful one to the top of old Kalskraatind, which proved Master Henrik far from right when he said, that "forward and back are equally far." In fact we almost never came back.

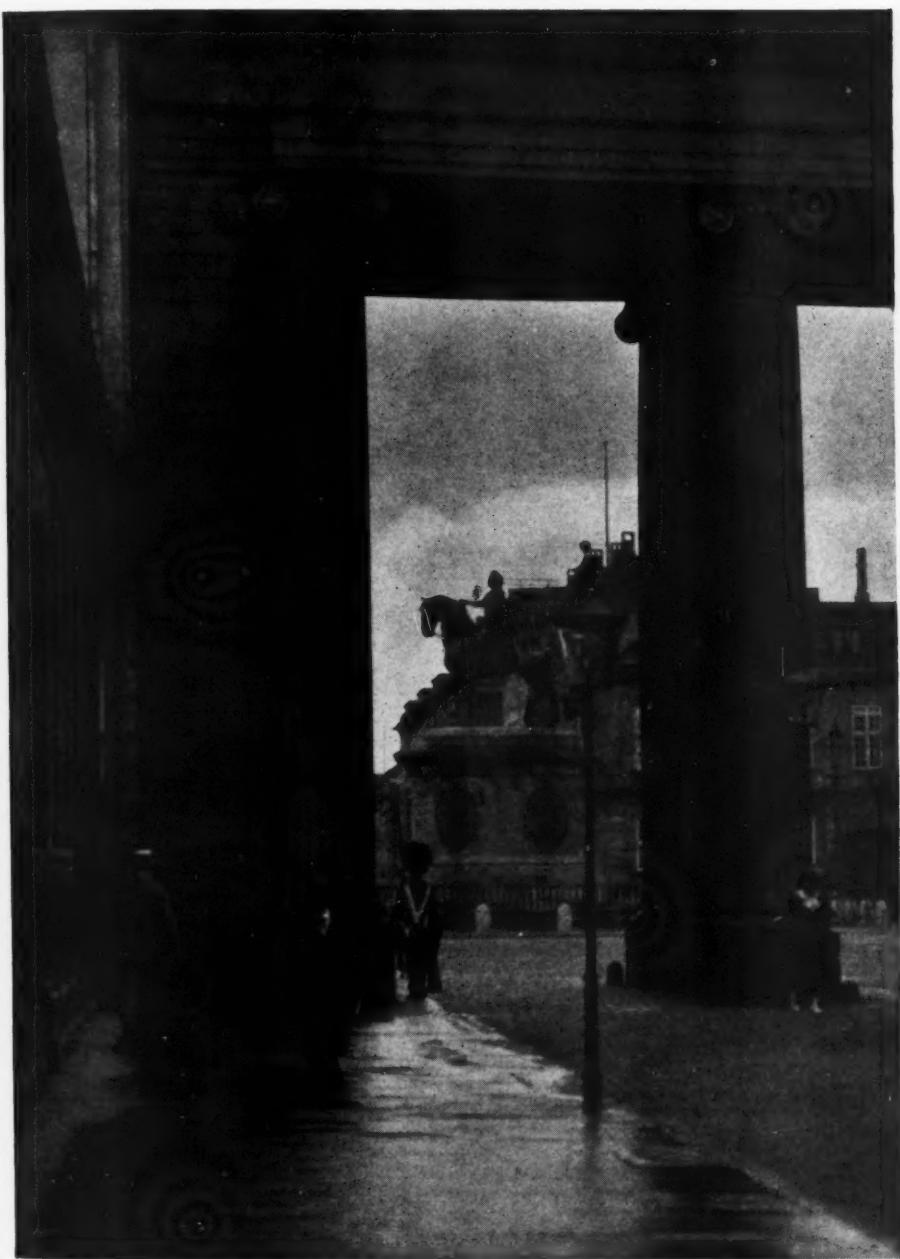
Then came the day of leave-taking; and the peculiar character who so puzzled the inhabitants of Romsdal—"from America—money in his pocket—yet he walks, like a beggar" disappeared, together with the other vagabonds, beyond the bend up near Flatmark. We climbed higher and higher along the narrowing valley, passing Slettafoss and other waterfalls without number, until at last, at the very top of the pass, we could turn around and take a last look at the fair and impressive land we were leaving behind us.

The next few days we spent in leisurely ambling across the back of Dovre, frequently taking occasion to make the acquaintance of the interesting highland farms, some of them of great architectural and historic interest, and of their hospitable inhabitants. We lived high on goats' milk, goats' milk cheese, *flatbröd* and mountain air. The latter even made the High Lord Executioner so sprightly that he attempted to vault the gate of the ancient royal farm of Tofte, which presumptuous folly resulted in his spraining his ankle.

After that there was of course nothing for us to do but to hire carriages for the rest of the way down to the railroad, which at that time had its terminal at Otta; and so, in leisurely manner enjoying the beauty of the charming Upper Gudbrandsdal, particularly from Domaas with the magnificent view of the great mountains and the rich valley below, we once more arrived at our starting point,—and this time not as tired trampers, but with pomp and circumstance.

Camera Studies of Copenhagen

By SIGURD FISCHER



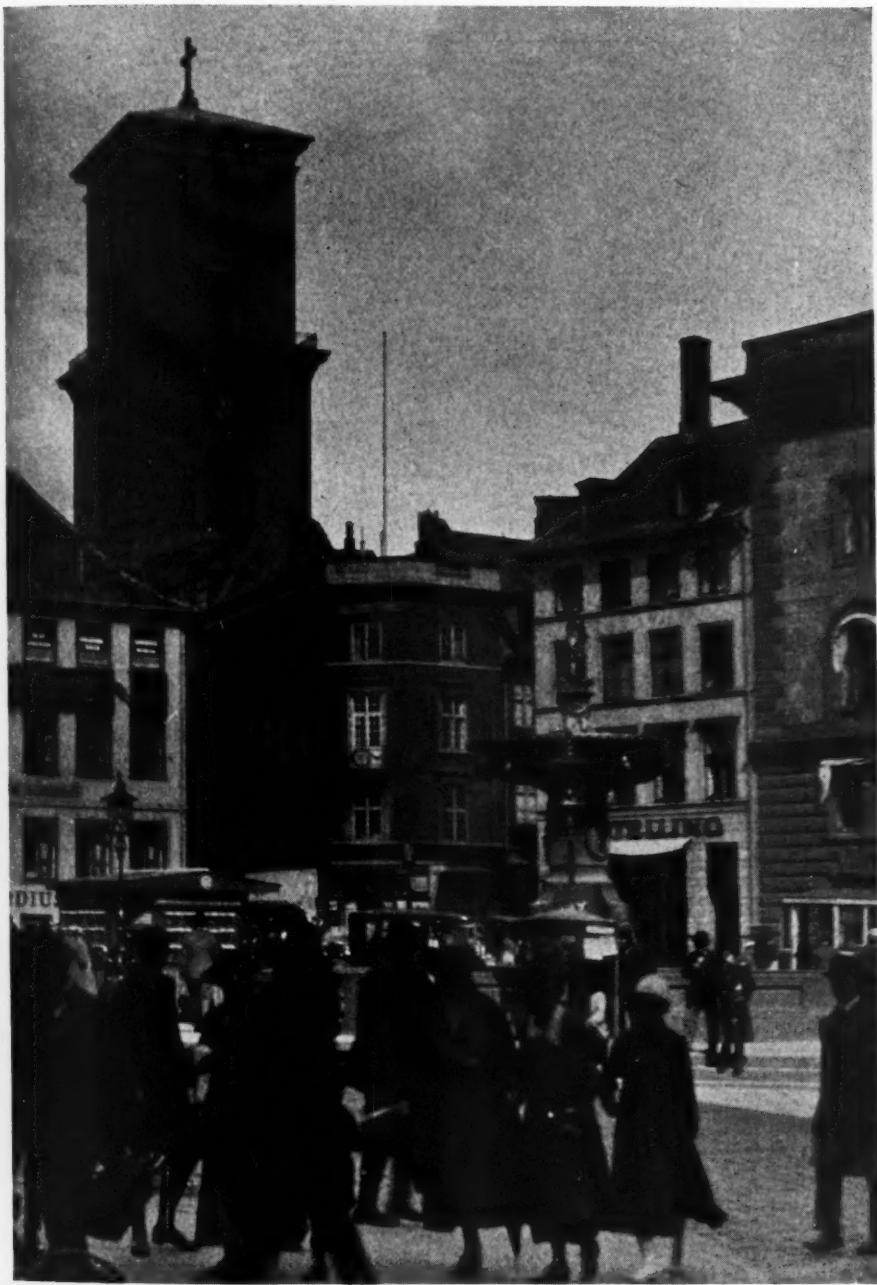
By Sigurd Fischer

THE COLONNADE DESIGNED BY HARSDOFF, CONNECTING THE PALACES OF AMALIENBORG,
THE RESIDENCE OF THE DANISH KINGS. THOUGH BUILT OF WOOD, THE COLONNADE IS ONE
OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BITS OF ARCHITECTURE IN COPENHAGEN



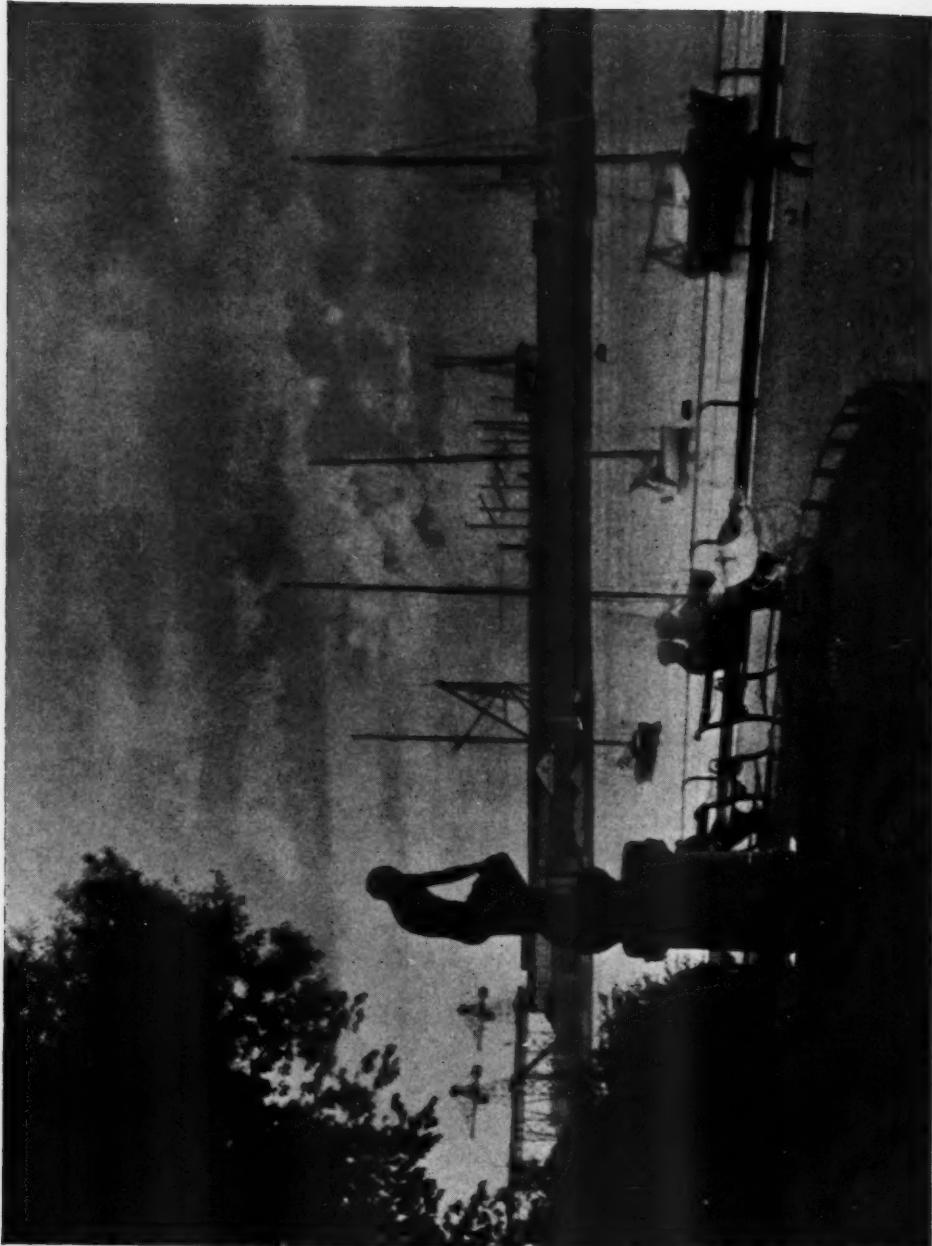
By Sigurd Fischer

ON "GAMMEL STRAND," BY THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE DOUGHTY BISHOP ABSALOM, THE FISHWIVES OF SKOVSHØVED OFFER THEIR WRIGGLING, SQUIRMING WARES—FOR NO COPENHAGEN HOUSEWIFE EVER BUYS ANY BUT LIVE FISH. IN THE BACKGROUND RISES THE RECONSTRUCTED NIKOLAJ TOWER



By Sigurd Fischer

"GAMMEL TORG" IS REALLY AN EXPANSION OF COPENHAGEN'S BUSIEST THOROUGHFARE, THE "STRÖG." THERE POULTRY AND EGGS ARE OFFERED FOR SALE IN THE MORNING, AND FASHION PARADES IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON. THE TOWER OF OUR LADY'S CHURCH—SPIRELESS SINCE THE BRITISH BOMBARDMENT IN 1807—DOMINATES THE SKYLINE



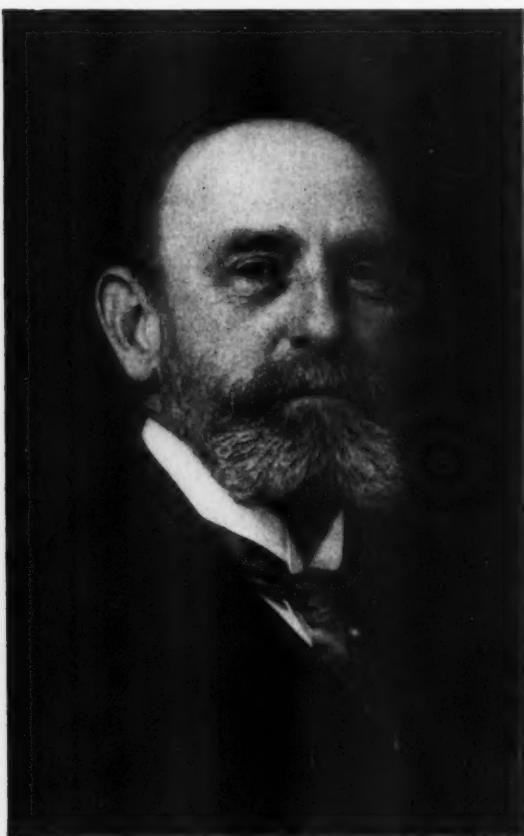
A MODERN
ADDITION TO
COPENHAGEN
Is THE
BEAUTIFUL
HARBOR
PROMENADE
LANGELINJE,
WHICH
EXTENDS
FOR THREE
MILES
ALONG THE
WATER'S
EDGE,
FLANKED BY
FAMOUS
STATUES



FROM
LANGELINJE
WE CAN
WATCH SHIPS
COME AND GO,
AS WE DREAM
OF COPENHAGEN'S
REMOTE PAST
OR FORECAST
ITS FUTURE
OR SIMPLY
YIELD
OURSELVES
TO THE
CHARM OF
THE PRESENT

Maurice Francis Egan

ARTIST and diplomat though he was, and understanding of the errors of flesh, Maurice Francis Egan was deeply religious and through every day of his life on earth pure and staunch and true: pure to his God, staunch to his friends, true to his family. On the fly-leaf of my cherished copy of his *Songs and Sonnets*, he has written this dedication, "Art is true art when art to God is true, and only then."



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

tears in their eyes of how one heart to heart talk with Minister Egan gave new courage to the course of their lives. Thus it is a whole saga has grown up about "Egan and Denmark," while the careers of other diplomats have passed into obscurity.

The years that I was with him in Copenhagen in 1908-10 were fashioned in large measure by his humor and his vision. As I was far from home he promptly placed himself *in loco parentis* and adopted me as his son. To him I dedicated my first book. Since then at every

And yet he is so human that there must have been a break in the discipline of heaven for a time after he arrived, while the shining host declared a holiday not on their calendar, just as there was always in this world a holiday from routine whenever he entered an office or room full of men.

Yet surely he is not gone: his spirit lives among us, imperishable. A personality such as his is proof of divinity. There have been American ambassadors to more powerful countries than Denmark in this generation, great business men, astute lawyers, mighty organizers. Dr. Egan did not worry about power of this sort. Wherever he went his personality dominated, and men obeyed his suggestion. I have met obscure men and women in Fyen and in Jutland who have told me with

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meeting with him, his lips have been a fountain of fatherly counsel. And this has been his relation with hundreds of younger men who crossed his path.

No guest of Denmark has comprehended and loved the Danish people and the Danish character as intimately as he. Shopmen in small shops in Copenhagen discussed their children's colds with him just as did the princes of the royal family.

On the shelves of my library are thirty-two volumes by Maurice Francis Egan. This is a large literary output for one man, but my set is not complete. Each book he wrote, it seemed to me, surpassed the one that preceded. Always youthful in spirit, his style never reached its full maturity. His literary production seemed to become more buoyant with the years, and the last twelve months of his life witnessed an outpouring of spirited book reviews in the *New York Times*, *The Forum*, and other periodicals. His *Memoirs* are finished and still to be published.

Three of his books stand out for me as most representative of his genius: *The Wiles of Sexton Maginis* exhibits his humor and story-telling power, a book that I read at one tense sitting, ending only at four in the morning. *Everybody's St. Francis* is a literary tribute to his religious faith. *The Confessions of a Book-lover*, reviews his boyhood and his passion for books, and his gentle criticism of all that is best in world literature.

It was to the scenes of the opening pages of *The Confessions of a Book-lover*, his last published book, to Old Philadelphia, the home of his infancy, that his body made its final pilgrimage. Here several of his boyhood friends were met to receive those other friends acquired in later life, Dr. Egan's comrades in teaching, in religion, in letters, and in diplomacy, who accompanied the cortege to the cathedral in Philadelphia. Together they waited at the new-made grave, a group of distinguished men, grey-haired and venerable with achievement, to drop each a rose or a sprig of flowers on the coffin of him they loved, adding their tribute to the wreath sent by the King of Denmark.

H. G. L.

Maurice Francis Egan was born in Philadelphia in 1854. He was graduated from La Salle College in 1873 and received the degree of LL.D. from Notre Dame College in 1878. He was engaged in editorial work until 1888, then became professor of English at Notre Dame and afterwards at the Catholic University of America. In 1907 Theodore Roosevelt appointed him minister to Denmark. He was offered the post as ambassador in Vienna by Taft and afterwards by Wilson, but preferred to remain in Denmark. In 1918 he resigned and returned to America. His death occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. A. O'Reilly in Brooklyn, January 15. He was buried, January 19, from the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul in Philadelphia.

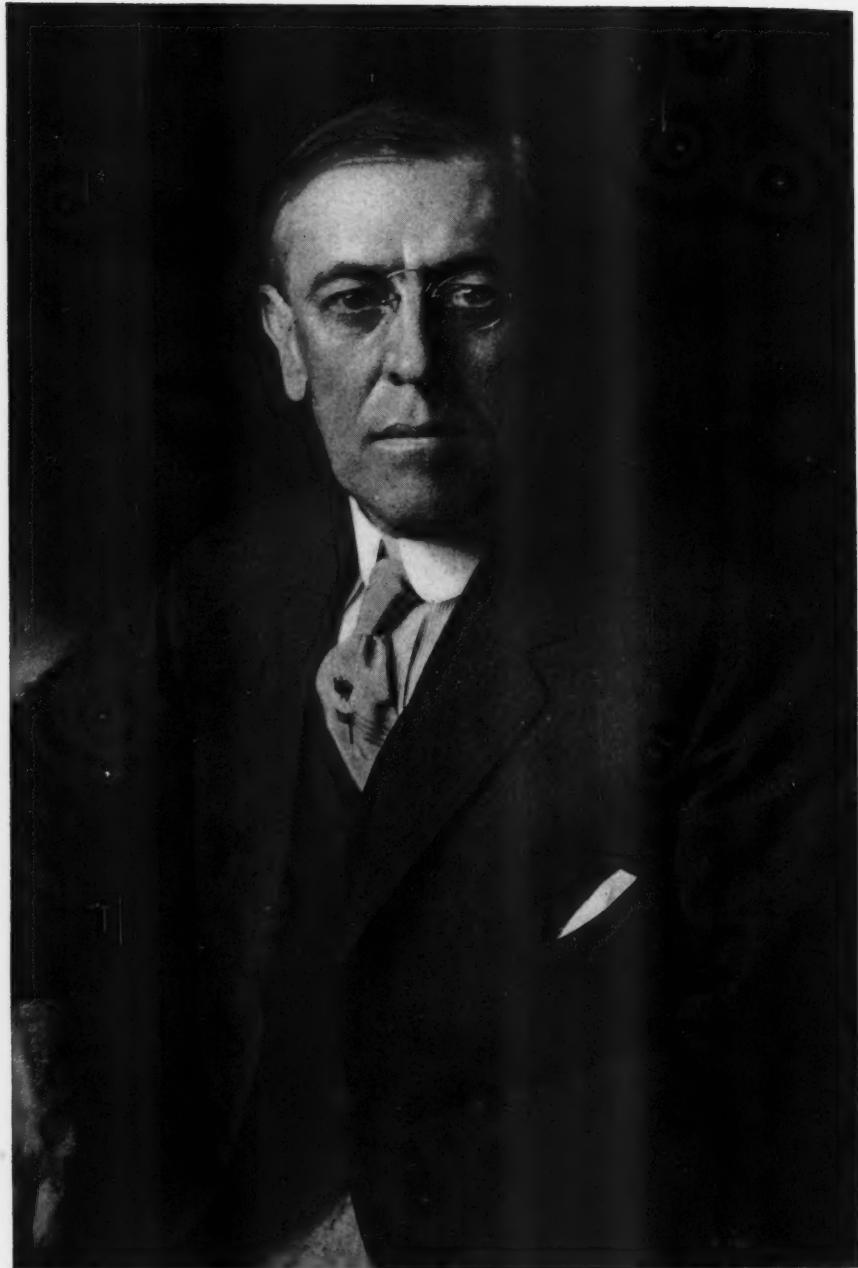


Photo by Underwood

WOODROW WILSON

December 28, 1856—February 3, 1924

"As President of the United States he was moved by an earnest desire to promote the best interests of the country as he conceived them. His acts were prompted by high motives and his sincerity of purpose cannot be questioned. He led the nation through the terrific struggle of the World War with a lofty idealism which never failed him. He gave utterance to the aspiration of humanity with an eloquence which held the attention of all the earth and made America a new and enlarged influence in the destiny of mankind."

Proclamation of President Coolidge.

Current Events

U. S. A.

¶ Investigation by a Congressional committee into leasing of California Naval Reserve oil lands to the Edward L. Doheney interests elicited sensational testimony showing that, while Secretary of State, Albert B. Fall received a large loan from Mr. Doheney and also loans from others. With regard to the leasing of the much-discussed Teapot Dome oil lands by the Sinclair interests, previous testimony likewise brought Mr. Fall into the situation, many conflicting statements being made before the committee, with the result that it is very probable Congress will be asked to cancel the leases and conserve the national oil resources in accordance with former President Roosevelt's policy.

¶ The coming of the Democratic Convention to New York is looked upon as a non-partisan event which will bring the city into closer relations with the rest of the country than has been the case for many years. The convention date is June 24. A short time before this takes place the National Republican Convention will be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

¶ The coming into power of the British Labor Party, with Ramsay Macdonald as premier, and James O'Grady appointed British ambassador to Russia, once more turns attention to America's policy with regard to the Soviet government. Coincident with the change in the British government came the address of Secretary of State Hughes before the Council of Foreign Relations in which there was only a passing reference to Russia, the Secretary discussing the administration's policy with regard to other countries and foreign situations. This was taken to mean that Mr. Hughes has not changed his former views relative to the non-recognition of the Soviet regime.

¶ Touching the present trouble in Mexico and sale of arms to President Obregon, Secretary Hughes reaffirmed the administration's standpoint that the sale of such munitions was the duty of the United States in the present situation.

¶ While Republican leaders in the House of Representatives were trying to arrange some agreement with the Democrats for a compromise between the Mellon and the Garner tax proposals, Secretary Mellon not only stood by his plan, but President Coolidge let it be known that he was with his Secretary.

¶ In the meantime former Ambassador John W. Davis, in a Philadelphia address, spoke of the Democratic party's idea of what was needed in tax reduction, and he arraigned the Republican administration and party for what he termed a method of tax collecting which meant to "gather enough funds to provide luxurious vehicles in which they could ride, while the Democratic method was to levy tolls for repairs to the highway only and unforeseen surplus to be devoted to provide 'resting places' for the way-worn traveler."

Sweden

¶ The Riksdag was opened with the usual ceremonies, January 11. In his speech from the throne the King announced that the proposal for a reform in the defenses of the realm, which will be presented by the government, is framed with a view to the highest military efficiency within a certain reasonable expenditure. Inasmuch as the imports of the country still exceed the exports in value, the King recommended the most rigid economy in State and municipalities as well as in the private affairs of individual citizens. ¶ The budget proposed by the government is certainly framed along these lines. The expenditure is estimated at 649,000,000 kronor, which is a reduction of 102,400,000 kronor. The cut is felt especially in the appropriations to various societies and other organizations. The income is also estimated very conservatively, but, in spite of that, no new taxes are recommended. There is no provision for the relief of unemployment, but the premier suggests a plan for setting aside a fund that can be drawn on in future emergencies. The extra compensation which public employees have been receiving to meet the current high prices is being cut. ¶ The population of Sweden in the past year has increased by 25,000 persons, which brings it over the six million mark. It is calculated that the present population is 6,010,000. The five million mark was passed at the beginning of the present century. ¶ The management of the Royal Opera has been the subject of much criticism, and its chief, Judge Riben, has been attacked quite violently in the newspapers. The situation has been aggravated by the fact that the deficit is large and constantly increasing. Last year two members of the opposition were appointed to the board of directors, and as a result Judge Riben handed in his resignation shortly before Christmas. As his successor the singer, John Forsell, has been appointed. Forsell has been connected with the Royal Opera in Stockholm, and it is the second time in the century and a half of the existence of this institution that one of its own artists has been chosen as its executive head. ¶ Stockholm is the seat of various schools and colleges for professional study. It has a law school, a college of medicine, a technological institute, a business college, a veterinary school, and an institute for the study of natural sciences. It is now proposed to unite all these in one great university. The arrangement would have the double advantage that students in one institution would thus have the opportunity of hearing lectures in the other, and that the instructors would be able to co-operate more efficiently both in research work and in teaching. ¶ Renewed efforts have been made to settle the unlawful strike which the bricklayers of Stockholm began nearly a year ago, but they have failed, and the capital of Sweden is still suffering from the cessation of normal building activities.

Denmark

¶ That all is not well with the Danish-inclined newspapers and readers in South Slesvig was brought out at a largely attended meeting in Copenhagen, where speakers representing various South Jutland societies voiced their protest against the tyranny by the German element in that section. The meeting was presided over by Professor Axel Möller who declared that the matter was one which concerned the Danish nation directly. ¶ As one of the notable speakers Mayor Kaper said that when South Jutland was joined to the mother country the whole Danish nation decided to give the German element in the reclaimed territory equal rights throughout with the Danes. But while the promise had been made by Germany that the same treatment would be accorded the Danes in South Slesvig, this promise had not been kept. The prohibition against the Danish-inclined newspapers, he said, was a blow in the face of Denmark's desire to be fair, but while a cry had been set up to deal with the German element as the Germans were doing with the Danish, he would not advise such a course. ¶ Another speaker, Kloppenborg-Skrumsager, member of the Landsting, said that one reason for the action of the Germans might be sought in the German newspapers' fear of Danish newspaper competition. He arraigned the Social Democratic party for being partly to blame because of its weak foreign policy when in power. ¶ The relations between Denmark and Iceland during the first five years since the establishment of the latter's independence with one king as ruler of both appears to have been on the whole satisfactory. This fact was dwelt upon by Sveinn Björnsson, the Icelandic minister to Copenhagen, during the recent celebration of the anniversary. ¶ Much discussion has taken place over the proposed changes in the management of the Danish Navy Yard, an institution which is almost four hundred years old, and the commission appointed with the view of reporting its findings has made a number of recommendations. The growth of Copenhagen both with regard to shipping and on land appears to have necessitated this examination of what could be done with the Navy Yard so as not to hamper its usefulness. ¶ The Danish section of the Women's National League for Liberty and Peace has held a very successful all-country meeting. One aim is to work with women similarly minded in other countries. ¶ The Association of Danish Intellectual Workers is a new organization recently formed in Copenhagen to safeguard such particular interests as come within that domain. Johannes Kragh, the well-known sculptor, at a recent meeting gave his impressions of the congress held in Paris, and it is suggested that the Danish society be modeled on the lines of the *Confédération des Travailleurs Intellectuels* which is the international organization.

Norway

¶ The Storting was formally opened by King Haakon on January 12. The most important announcement in the King's speech from the throne was the intimation that the government will invite the Storting to abolish the prohibition law owing to "the unfortunate results which prohibition has had." Prohibition in Norway only affects spirits containing more than 21 percent alcohol. The revenue of the future sale of spirits is estimated at about 30 million kroner per year, which the government proposes to devote to cover the deficit of the previous state budgets. ¶ Whether the repeal of the prohibition law will be passed by the Storting is very doubtful. The government parties commanding no majority in the legislature, the fate of the proposal depends on the attitude of the Agrarian and Communist parties which is still uncertain. The Liberal party and the Socialists are sure to vote against the government, as they think that the question should not be settled by the Storting before the new elections next October. The Prohibitionist Party's National Congress at Bergen in the beginning of January unanimously carried a resolution demanding that Prohibition be maintained till defeated by referendum. ¶ The Norwegian government has decided to enter into negotiations with Russia regarding all questions which are still unsettled. The new negotiations may lead to *de jure* recognition of the Soviet government by Norway. Since the resumption of trade relations with Russia, the Norwegian government has imported 80,000 tons of Russian rye. Six million kroner of the purchase money have been reserved for the purchase of Norwegian goods by the Russian government. ¶ The estimates for the fiscal year 1924-25 have been cut down ruthlessly in order to balance revenue and expenses. The military exercises will be limited as far as possible. The government proposes to raise railway fares by 10 percent. ¶ Crown Prince Olav comes of age on July 2 this year. The government invites the Storting to grant the prince an appanage of 50,000 kroner per year from that date. The proposal meets with strong opposition in the Communist press but will no doubt be accepted by the Storting. ¶ The dispute between the two rival Communist parties in Norway—the Moscow and the anti-Moscow faction—is becoming increasingly violent. The seizure of provincial party papers by the anti-Moscow section, which possesses the party machine, has occasioned many dramatic incidents. The Moscovite party is estimated to comprise only a tenth of the Norwegian labor electors. ¶ By the death of Arne Garborg, which took place on January 14, Norway lost a great author and an ardent patriot. He was the leader of the national language movement, the object of which is to supplant the Dano-Norwegian language by the Norwegian *landsmaal*.

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Co-operating Bodies: Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Malmorgatan 5, Stockholm, Svante Arrhenius, President; Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President; J. P. Seeburg, Honorary Vice-President; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Stjerneborg Alle 8; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Christiania, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Sigurd Folkestad, Secretary.

Annual Meeting

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the Foundation held February 2 at the Princeton Club in New York, the following officers were elected for the year 1924: President, Hamilton Holt; Vice-Presidents, John G. Bergquist and John A. Gade of New York, and Charles S. Peterson of Chicago; Treasurer, H. Esk. Möller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary, Hanna Astrup Larsen, and Counsel, Henry E. Almberg. The meeting was attended by the Swedish Minister to the United States, Axel F. Wallenberg, and the Consuls-General of Norway and Sweden in New York.

Professor William Hovgaard of Massachusetts Institute of Technology was re-appointed chairman of the committee to administer the exchange of students between American and Scandinavian universities, and Mr. Henry G. Leach was named chairman of a committee to supervise the renewal of Fellowship pledges. Professor W. W. Lawrence of Columbia University is again chairman of the Committee on Publications, which has announced for publication in 1924 *America of the Fifties: the Letters of Fredrika Bremer and Asbjörnsen and Moe's Fairy Tales*.

At this meeting a full report on the activities of the year was presented by the President, Secretary, and Executive

Committee. This report with the reports of the Treasurer and the auditors is printed and distributed to any Associates of the Foundation who may request copies of the Secretary.

The New York Chapter

The New York Chapter at its annual meeting in the Hotel Majestic on January 21 elected as officers for 1924: Mr. G. Thomson Parker, President, Dr. Gunnar Molin, Vice-President and Chairman of the Membership Committee, Dr. Harold Bryn, Secretary, Mr. Harold W. Rambusch, Treasurer, Mrs. R. Michelsen, Assistant Chairman. The committee chairmen are Baroness Alma Dahlerup, Social Committee, Mrs. G. Thomson Parker, Student Committee, Mr. Emil F. Johnson, Advisory Committee, Louis F. Birk, Music Committee, H. Sundby-Hansen, Publicity Committee, and John G. Bergquist, Lecture Committee. One of the first functions of the Social Committee for the new year was an evening of Scandinavian moving pictures in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, arranged by a special committee of which Mrs. Alfred Lindewall was chairman. This occurred on the same day as the annual meeting of the trustees of the Foundation, February 2, and they attended as the guests of the retiring president of the Chapter, Mr. Leach.

Northern Lights

Strindberg Played in New York

The presentation of Strindberg on the American stage has never gone beyond the experimental. Single performances have been given by associations devoted to the study of the drama, but he has had no appeal for commercial producers. The production of *The Spook Sonata* by the Provincetown Players in a Greenwich Village hall is therefore something of a landmark from the mere fact that it has been able to gather its handful of absorbed and thrilled spectators every day for several weeks. The theatre is decidedly "intimate"—so intimate that we see the stage properties being carried down the main aisle when no longer wanted—and the setting is probably very much like that in which *The Spook Sonata* was first given in Stockholm sixteen years ago. It is adequate, for the drama is one of "nude spirits" in which the background does not matter. The actors have taken their rôles very much in earnest; Clare Eames is a distinguished and interesting Mummy, and Stanley Howett a convincing Old Hummel.

Strindberg will no doubt find his votaries among those who react against the naturalism of a few decades ago and seek what Eugene O'Neill, in his statement of the goal of the Provincetown Players, calls the "behind-life," and through these few he will influence the American drama, even though he will not be a favorite of the average play-goer or a box-office success as Ibsen has been.

Prince Wilhelm as a Dramatist

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, the author of several books of travel and poetry, has out of his African experiences now also written a play. It is called *Kinangozi* and will be produced at *Svenska Teatern* in Stockholm under the direction of Albert Ranft.

The Ever Vital Holberg

The perennial vitality of Holberg is shown by a controversy around his name which has spread from Denmark to Sweden. Harald Nielsen has just published a book *Holberg from the Modern Viewpoint*, which he declares to have been submitted to the University of Copenhagen as a thesis for a doctorate and to have been rejected. Professor Fredrik Böök of Sweden has taken up the cudgels in defense of Harald Nielsen and attacks the faculty which rejected his work.

Harald Nielsen in his book suggests a slight but important revision in the text of *Jeppe of the Hill*. It will be remembered that the Baron in his delight at the prank played on Jeppe says to his lackey, "I would rather have let *you* be hanged, Eric," than have spoiled the joke. Harald Nielsen thinks the Baron must have said, "I would rather have let *myself* be hanged," which harmonizes better with the context. The question is: Did Holberg mean to present the Baron as a monster of heartlessness or merely as a lover of fun? And is he furthermore using the Baron as spokesman when he lets him speak of Jeppe as "a rude yokel from whose conduct one can learn how haughty and overbearing such people become when they suddenly rise from the mire to a station of worth and honor"? Can Holberg, in short, be registered as an anti-Bolshevist? That is the crux of *Holberg from a Modern Viewpoint*. The fact that both Harald Nielsen and Fredrik Böök are known as marked conservatives gives pungency to the discussion.

\$40,000 for Niels Bohr

Dr. Niels Bohr's visit to the United States has been productive of a generous gift that will enable him to carry on his researches into the structure of the atom. The Rockefeller International Education Board has appropriated \$40,000 for the purpose. The gift is not only remark-

able for its munificence, but because of its conditions. It is to be expended in Denmark, for the enlargement and equipment of Bohr's laboratory in such a manner that he can accommodate research workers from abroad. Applications from students have already been received from the United States, India, South Africa, and Australia. It is a sign of the interest attached to his discoveries and their epoch-making character that the six lectures he recently delivered at Yale University received a publicity in the press which is most unusual for a subject so abstruse.

A City Plan for Chicago

The great Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen, who last spring decided to establish himself in Chicago, feeling that it would offer a wide field for his work, has now done the city of his adoption a signal service by drafting a project for its lake front development. It is a tremendous project which will take the "I will" spirit of Chicago to realize. It includes the electrification of railway systems and a central station; depression to full depth of the Illinois Central Railway tracks, with a street above them; a depressed road for rapid automobile traffic along the Lake Shore; a large underground automobile terminal in Grant Park adjacent to the main automobile road and connected by corridors with Michigan Avenue; buildings devoted to cultural aims in Grant Park, for example, a colonnade, a concert palace, a monumental tower, and a large sky-scraper hotel.

The plan is published in the December issue of *The American Architect* and *The Architectural Review*, and the editorial comments which follow it call attention to the fact that while beauty and a centralization of civic institutions were the main thought in city plans less than two decades ago, now the matter of street traffic and the storage of automobiles have become the essential factors of city plan-

ning. Mr. Saarinen has skillfully combined these features, preserving the landscape beauty of the park while making it serve as a traffic thoroughfare and a parking place for automobiles.

Georg Brandes' Last Work

The Duchess of Dino and Prince de Talleyrand is the name of the new book by Georg Brandes. The persons whose story he tells seem somewhat remote from present day affairs and the author explains to his readers why he has written their biographies. He recalls the strong and repellent impression he received of the Duchess from reading a book by George Sand in which she perfidiously blackens her. For more than fifty years this injustice has rankled in his mind, and in the present biography he chivalrously does what he can to place these two characters in a more kindly historic light.

A Leif Ericson Film

The movement to accord Leif Ericson recognition as the discoverer of America will receive a further impetus when the projected plans to film the story are realized. Tancred Ibsen, a grandson of both Ibsen and Björnson, has, in collaboration with Ellen Marie Jensen, dramatic interpreter and lecturer, written the play dealing with the discovery, and the pictures to be filmed will be taken in Norway, Greenland, Iceland, and America. Johan Bull, the illustrator, has joined the enterprise as artistic director, and costumes for the period will be designed by him.

A Norse Interior

The new Cafe Savarin in the Pershing Square Building which opened in February has been decorated in the Norwegian style under the direction of Trygve Hammer, whose work as a sculptor has shown such remarkable development within the past six years. The large wall panels, paintings of fjords, mountains, and val-

leys in strong and brilliant color, as well as the wood carvings and other ornamental details with ancient motifs from the time of the sagas have been designed and executed in the studio of this Norwegian artist.

Books

THE VIKING HEART. By Laura Goodman Salverson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1923.

This might almost be called a new Edda to the glory of the greatness of little things, faithfully done. It is a powerful, beautifully told story of the Icelandic settlers in Western Canada from their early arrival in the late 'seventies through the new generations down to our time.

The Viking Heart reminds us that the true viking spirit can still be traced in places—that indomitable spirit which refuses to be broken by adversity and has its true value forged in times of great hardships. No doubt the book will carry a message of cheer and new hope wherever people fight the elements of nature with such changing luck that they begin to weaken and turn to the lure of the cities and wonder if by any chance theirs should not be a good life. Would that we could find more praises of the simple life, the happy compensation of faithful work and loyalty in an age when values are distorted by the spirit of commercialism.

E. H. T.

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